

CHARACTER
OF
The Making of
The Man
BY
Edward Ward Carmack

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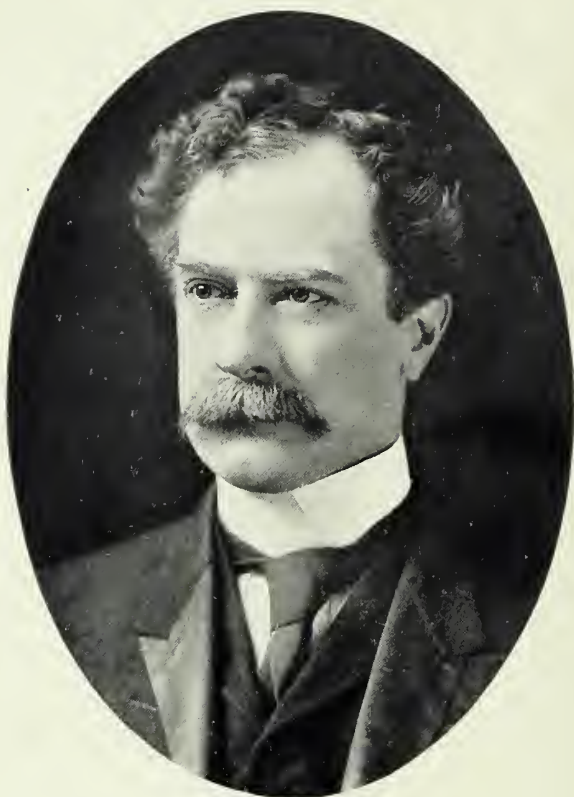
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J. V. Newman
April 30th 1860



Your Friend
E. W. Cornsack

CHARACTER

or

THE MAKING OF THE MAN

By

EDWARD WARD CARMACK

Nashville, Tenn.

McQUIDDY PRINTING COMPANY

1909

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INTRODUCTORY

OF all the men who have figured in the public life of Tennessee, no one, in my judgment, has been more versatile than the late Senator Edward W. Carmack. Possessing the higher kind of talent that is fitly entitled to be called genius, he adorned and dignified every position that he held. In the editorial chair, on the hustings and the platform, and on the floor of the Senate, he never failed to command a respectful hearing. It will be a long, long time before we shall see his like again. As the years go by, men will still be telling to their children and to one another the story of

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his great and useful life. The sincere thanks of his thousands of friends are due to the publishers for bringing out in permanent form his wonderful lecture on "Character." From beginning to end it moves in a high region of thought, and many of the passages that it contains are supremely eloquent. I trust that it may have a wide circulation, especially among the young men of the land; for it cannot fail to do good wherever it goes. As I write these lines, my heart grows tender at the memory of my dead friend, who never espoused a cause in which he did not believe and never met an opponent of whom he was afraid. E. E. Hoss.

Nashville, Tenn., November 10, 1909.

CHARACTER

OR

THE MAKING OF THE MAN

AT no time should a man speak with more caution or under a graver sense of responsibility than when he speaks to the young. Your success and happiness will depend on the ideals, the conceptions of life and duty, which you bear with you into the world; and an honorable and useful career may be marred by a single false precept lodged in the mind.

It is in childhood and youth that character is formed. The minds of the young are plastic, and are readily

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molded by the hand of circumstance into a vessel of honor or a vessel of dishonor. The old man's character is as iron which needs the forge and hammer to change its form.

You remember the story of Absalom's rebellion. You remember how, as King David's captains went forth to battle, he gave them charge to deal gently with the young man Absalom. You remember how King David sat in the gates waiting for the tidings of the battle upon which depended his life and his throne. A messenger comes, prostrates himself at the king's feet, and announces the joyful tidings: "All is well." But there came from the aged king no exclamation of joy, no words of thanksgiving, no song of praise — only

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the anxious question: "Is the young man Absalom safe?" A second messenger comes and confirms the report — the enemies of the king are scattered, his kingdom is established forever. But it is not the king anxious for his throne, but the father anxious for his erring child, who sits in the gate. Again from the trembling lips the anxious question: "Is the young man Absalom safe?" It was a father's question, but it should have been asked years before. If David's love for Absalom had been as wise and watchful as it was fond and foolish, he would not have waited until he had lifted his hand in wicked and impious rebellion before giving charge concerning his welfare; he would not have waited until he

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had died the death of a traitor before asking the question: "Is the young man Absalom safe?" He would have noted the first wayward steps, the first indication of a turbulent and reckless spirit, the beginnings of those evil associations that corrupted his nature, and would have won him back to filial duty and a righteous life. Long before his doting father had become anxious for his safety, Absalom had gone the way of death and ruin. It was not the spear of Joab, but the blindness of David, that wrought the death of the young man Absalom.

✓ Youth is the raw material of manhood. The old man is simply what he began to be in his youth. Manhood can only mature and age can but har-

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vest the seed that were sown in the springtime of life. It is in youth that the work must be done and the influences brought to bear that are to mold the character and shape the destiny of the man.

I shall deal with you as practical men who themselves must deal with a very practical world. You would probably prefer an address abounding in wit and rhetoric; but one of the first things you need to learn is that you cannot always get what you want, and you may as well learn it now and from me. "Life is real, life is earnest;" and earnest words of truth and soberness are what you need to hear. You may think that when you have quit the school-room you have quit school. In reality

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your school days have just begun. Though you go forth from one of the great universities of the land, you have but passed through a preparatory school and are about to enter as a freshman that great university from which you will be graduated at the grave. You have but exchanged kind and patient instructors for one whose tasks are heavy, whose rule is harsh, who will show but little indulgence for unlearned lesson or the broken rule. The world is now your school, experience your teacher, and life your lesson. But if in this school sloth and wickedness are scourged with rod of iron, diligence and virtue are rewarded with happiness and honor.

What you have learned at school is

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trifling indeed compared with what you have yet to learn, and much that you have acquired here with much toil will fade from you with the greatest ease. But the taste for study, the habit of mental application, the intellectual discipline you have here received, will remain with you, I trust, forever; and, indeed, this is the most important part of your education. It is a good thing for a man that as a boy he learned to play ball, climb trees, and turn handsprings, though as a man he has ceased to practice these useful accomplishments. And so, even though you should fall into my own lamentable condition, and not know a triangle from a parallelogram, or whether "homo" is a noun of the third declen-

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sion or a verb of the first conjugation, it will still be a good thing for you that in the study of Latin and of geometry you have trained, strengthened, and developed your mental sinews and that you have learned *how* to learn.

The education you have received at school is but a tool, an implement, and you have yet to acquire skill in the use of it. I once heard a story of an old darky whom his master employed to skin a calf. As it was Christmas and a holiday, he thought it but right to pay him for it; and so when the task was done, he asked him how much he owed for the job. "A dollar," replied Sambo. The old master, a little shocked by the exorbitant price, said: "Sam, I don't think your time was worth more

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than fifty cents." "I know dat, mars-ter," replied the old darky. "I only charges fifty cents for de time; de ud-der fifty cents was for de know *how*." So, young gentlemen, when you get out into the world, you will find that the important thing about knowledge is not simply to know, but to know *how*. The learned man *knows*; a practical man knows *how*; and the man with but little knowledge, but who knows how to apply that knowledge to the affairs of life, is an overmatch for the man who knows everything, but who knows how to do nothing. The knowing that is not translated into doing is a tree that bears foliage, but no fruit. A blacksmith who can shoe a horse well is better educated than the man who can

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read Greek, but cannot make a living for himself or lend a helping hand to his neighbor.

I have said that you have just entered the great University of Life. This work of acquiring knowledge and of learning how to apply it will go on as long as you live; and while life is brief, think how vast a sum of knowledge a man might acquire in the duration of an average lifetime, if he would only learn one thing every day, if he would only make one daily addition to the sum total of his knowledge. It would seem that no day could be so full of cares, incidents, and pleasures that an alert and inquiring mind could not learn one thing. So, young gentlemen, whatever may be your occupations

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or distractions, make it an infallible rule of life and let no day pass over your head without levying upon it some tribute, without learning from it some lesson. It will astonish you to find how much you can learn by habit of attentive observation.

I shall not talk with you to-day about the training of your intellectual faculties or the acquisition of knowledge. Not all knowledge is to be found in books. "Wisdom crieth in the streets." I would rather impress upon you that the strongest and most disciplined mind cannot of itself bring you honor or happiness, cannot make you a good and useful citizen, or entitle you to the respect of your fellow-man. The great thing is *character*; and the great-

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est men, whose names are honored and revered by all mankind, were great, not because they were mighty in intellect, but because they were grand in soul. England has produced greater intellects than Alfred, but she has never produced a greater man. She has never produced one who labored with loftier, purer, more unselfish zeal for the welfare of his country. America has produced abler men, perhaps, than Washington, but she has never produced a more devoted and self-sacrificing patriot. Not long since a distinguished German author wrote of our own Robert E. Lee, that great as he was as a commander; he was incomparably greater as a man. And this is the kind of greatness I would have you learn to

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admire, and it is from such great and shining examples that I would have you light the lamp that is to guide your feet in the dark ways of life. Let me beg you, young gentlemen, not to be satisfied to achieve a mere reputation without achieving the *character* to sustain it. The mere love of reputation, of self-advertisement, and desire to have one's name "stand rubric on the wall," is one of the deadliest forms of vanity that ever cursed the children of men. The boy who fired the Ephesian Dome, the demagogue who fires with madness the passions of the people and gives to destruction the slow creations of wisdom and of years, the conqueror who thunders his name from the cannon's mouth and writes it in the blood

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of the world—these are but great manifestations of that little vanity which never yet brought real happiness to any man and has brought woes unnumbered to mankind. And this vain little passion is the plague of neighborhoods as well as the curse of nations. How often we see in everyday life men who are eager to be thought what they make not the *slightest* effort to be! Understand me. I do not undervalue reputation for its own sake. There never was a good man who was indifferent to the opinions of other good men. What men think of you on the street is by no means to be despised; but the main thing, so far as your own peace and happiness is concerned, is what you honestly think of yourself, in bed. You

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may derive a hollow and transient pleasure from the praises of your deluded fellow-men; but when you have retired to the solitude of your chamber and blown out the candle, you will see in the darkness the hypocrite who was invisible in the light. Then you will try to kick your conscience out of bed, and you will roll over on the other side to get away from yourself; but, in spite of everything you can do, you will look down into the depths of that whited sepulcher and shrink and wither in your self-contempt. Trust me, young gentlemen; there is one man whose honest good opinion is worth more to your peace of mind than all the world beside. That man is *yourself*.

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“One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of stupid starers and of loud huzzas,
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels
Than Cæsar with a Senate at his heels.”

So, while striving by all honorable means to win and to retain the good opinion of all good men, remember, after all, that a man's reputation is only what men think him to be; his *character*, what *God knows* him to be. And remember that you cannot long pass a counterfeit character for the genuine coin on this shrewd old world; and remember also that if you have the *character*, you cannot long miss the reputation. A genuine coin may sometimes be mistaken for the counterfeit until it is tested; but whenever a counterfeit is *even suspected*, its currency is gone for-

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ever. You test the genuineness of a coin by ringing it down upon some hard substance. Sooner or later, young gentlemen, the metal of your character will be thrown down upon the hard stone of adversity, and then all the world will know whether or not you are the genuine coin.

Let me impress upon you that no man is so sure to lose the respect of all good people as the man who has a morbid craving for popularity or a morbid dread of unpopularity. Saul disobeyed God because he feared the people, and he lived to hear in bitterness of soul the people acclaim another as greater than he. He lived to hear that applause which was the very breath of his nostrils bestowed upon a man who

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feared God more than he feared the people. You cannot always tell what public opinion is; you never can tell what it is going to be. The wiser plan, as well as the most honest plan, therefore, is carefully and conscientiously to form an opinion of your own, and then have the manhood to stand by it, even though you stand solitary and alone.

I do not mean by this that you should be opinionated. Don't be too confident that every opinion that you have hastily formed is so absolutely and unquestionably correct that you can afford to close your mind to all further evidence upon the subject. Benjamin Franklin once said that as he grew older, he came to doubt more and more his own infallibility and to listen with

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greater respect to the opinions of other men. As you grow older, you will find that many of your so-called opinions were but accidental impressions or prejudices, which larger knowledge and wider experience would require you to correct. It would be better for you in the earlier years of your life to be receptive and reflective rather than disputatious. Polonius' advice to Læertes should be laid to heart by every young man, "Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment"—that is, thy opinion. Keep an open mind always for further knowledge; but let your search for *truth* be *fearless* and sincere, and never for the sake of popularity or for the sake of any temporary advantage

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impose upon your mind an opinion which it cannot *honestly* hold.

Never fear to be on the side of good morals and honest government. Let me tell you, young gentlemen, that the power wielded by the vicious elements of society is due only to the dread of that power. They owe their strength and their protection to the cowardice that fears to assail them. That men who aspire to bear the respect of their fellow-men should consent even by silence that vice and crime or ignorance and folly shall wield political power, that they shall make or administer the laws in any community, is a disgrace to manhood and to citizenship. Young gentlemen, this world needs men. Your country, your community, your State,

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need men who will stand erect in the pride of their own integrity and oppose their own honor to all the powers of evil.

“Be bold, be just, and when your country’s laws
Call you to witness in a dubious cause,
Though Faleris plant his bull before your eye,
And, frowning, dictate to your lips the lie,
Think it a crime no tears can e’er efface
To purchase safety with compliance base,
At honor’s cost a feverish span extend
And sacrifice for life life’s only end.”

I have sought to impress upon you the importance of *character*, because too much stress is often laid, relatively speaking, on the mere acquisition of knowledge and the improvement of the intellectual power. We are prone to make an ideal of mere intellectuality and to worship it as a god. We are

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in the habit of saying that ignorance is the mother of vice, though all history and everyday experience teach us that mere culture of the intellect is not culture of the heart, and that often mere difference in degrees of culture simply mark the difference between the vulgar and the accomplished scoundrel, between a Fagin and a Verres, between the thief who pilfers from a hatrack and the thief who plunders a province.

We know that nations have risen to the noblest heights of intellectual greatness while stooping to the lowest depths of moral decay. What was Greece in the time of Aristotle and Demosthenes, or Rome in the time of Cicero and Virgil? We know that Bacon was one of the wisest and greatest, yet meanest, of

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mankind. What a commentary it is upon the dignity of human intellect when we see the great author of "Novum Organum" crawling at the feet of an upstart favorite and bartering his country's liberties to win a fatuous smile from a crowned baboon! Great philosopher, profound jurist, fawning courtier, and bribe-taking judge! Did ever human intellect soar to grander height or human character stoop to meaner depths?

Even the light of Solomon's wisdom, though it was the direct gift of Almighty God, though it shone down upon him direct from the throne of heaven, could not keep his feet from the paths of sin and shame. The intellect of an archangel could not save Satan from

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hell; and your intellect alone, young gentlemen, will not save you, even though you be as wise as Solomon or as smart as the devil.

What is the lesson taught by that great master of human nature in the tragedy of Macbeth? No man could have realized more vividly or have portrayed with more pitiless fidelity the baseness and brutality of Duncan's murder than did Macbeth himself while the purpose was yet forming in his mind. His king, his kinsman, his guest, and the gentle virtues that plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against the deep damnation of the deed—he saw and felt and understood it all. Yea, more; he foresaw that his own peace of mind would perish with the murdered Dun-

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can; that the golden opinions won by loyal valor, the love, honor, obedience, troops of friends, would vanish forever and would be succeeded by vain splendor and hollow pomp, an enforced mouth-honor and hidden hate, in his own breast a gnawing conscience, a dismal world weariness, a loathing, a disgust for life. He saw and felt and understood all this; but he dallied with temptation, he gave audience to evil promptings, he trifled with his immortal soul, and went with open eyes to foreseen destruction. How different the conduct of the brave and simple-hearted Banquo, who prayed to be delivered even from those evil suggestions that came to him in his dreams!

What is the lesson? We speak of

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the “lordly intellect,” the “Godlike reason;” and yet this “lordly intellect,” this “Godlike reason,” is but the servant of the feelings; it is but the slave of the desires. We sometimes say of a man that he has suffered his intellect to become the slave of his passions; but this is no more true of one man than it is of another—it is true of *all* men. The difference is only in the *character* of the passion. Washington made his intellect serve his passion for liberty; Napoleon, his passion for fame; Bacon, his passion for court favor; Solomon, his passion for luxury and splendor; the devil, his passion for rule. Whatever a man’s master passion may be, whether it be the accumulation of dollars, the preservation of his country, or

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the salvation of souls, it will rule his intellect with a rod of iron. Whether it be low and mean or a high and mighty intellect, all its powers will be exerted to gratify the cravings of the heart.

The important education, therefore, is that which disciplines the feelings, which schools the desires. You may say that if a man is taught to know the consequences of right and wrong, he will do right; but who knew better than Solomon that the way he had chosen was vanity of vanities? Such is the perversity of human nature that a man may actually know, he may thoroughly understand, he may have proved to himself by bitter experience over and over again, that the way of the

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transgressor is hard; yet he will continue to transgress. He may give his mental assent to the Golden Rule, and yet remain a hard and selfish man. My friends, the difference between an honest man and a thief is not in what they know or think, but in how they *feel* on the subject of stealing. If all of this were not true, philosophy would long since have taken the place of religion and Moses would have been the Christ.

Every young man, therefore, should seek to reduce to order what has been aptly called the "inner anarchy of desire." "He that ruleth his spirit" is greater than "he that taketh a city."

In this education of the heart, every man must in a large measure be his

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own schoolmaster. There can be no greater mistake than for a young man to give his days and nights to extending the range of his knowledge and training of the powers of his intellect, while leaving his *character* to take care of itself, to be formed without thought or plan by the accidental circumstances of its environment.

“But how,” you ask, “can a man form his character?” The rule is simplicity itself, though the application be difficult. A man may form his character to a very great extent through the sheer power of habit. An act often repeated hardens into a habit, and a habit long continued petrifies into *character*. We often say of a man that he is the victim of a habit, without paus-

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ing to analyze and understand the deep significance of the expression. "The victim of a habit"—that is to say, not of some innate or inborn propensity to evil, but of an acquired vice—of some vice which through the sheer power of use over the mind has become second nature to the man and a part of his character. Young gentlemen, a great deal of misery may be spared in this world if young men would only realize in the beginning how much easier it is to do a bad act a second time than it is to do it the first time. As a bough that has once been bent will bend the more easily in the same direction when subjected to the same force, so the soul that has once yielded to the seductions of evil loses something of its power

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of resistance. On the other hand, every successful resistance of temptation strengthens the man and weakens the power of evil. Because of the increased self-respect, the pride and pleasure derived from such a victory, he feels himself better equipped for the combat when his enemy renews the attack. No man has ever overcome a strong temptation that he has not found afterwards that his mind had become more open and susceptible to good influences and suggestions than before. We are told that when our Savior had resisted the temptations of the devil, angels came and ministered unto him; and so when a young man puts temptation under his feet, purer thoughts, nobler resolves, and higher aspirations descend

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like angels to strengthen and refresh the will.

I would impress upon you that a good habit may become as potent and controlling as a bad habit. A man may become the slave of a good habit, as well as the victim of a bad habit. A man may conquer a native disposition to evil by simply extorting from himself a course of conduct contrary to his inclination until custom has made it habitual and agreeable; for, as Hamlet said, "use can almost change the stamp of nature."

But you must cultivate habits of thought, as well as habits of action. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Yet there is good even in an enforced conformity to the rules of right

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living, for a habit of doing will help to beget a like habit of thinking. But it must be something more than passively refraining from evil. No man ever yet overcame a habit or conquered a temptation simply by folding his arms and saying: "I will not." He must drive it from his path and out of his life. He must put it not only from his hand, but from his *heart*. "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you." But you must resist him as Christian did Apollon—not with the shield only, but with the sword. There is nothing truer than that an idle brain is the devil's workshop. To resist the obsession of evil thoughts is sure sooner or later to lead to the resistance of evil deeds. Every young man should store his mind

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from his conversation, his reading, or his observations, with innocently agreeable and instructive subjects of contemplation to which he may turn his thoughts at will in an idle or unoccupied hour. Nature abhors a vacuum, and you cannot keep vicious thoughts from rushing into an empty head. You must expel them or bar their entrance with good thoughts. "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." That is the only way it can be done. In that precept is the true philosophy of right living. You cannot overcome evil by simply resisting evil; you must supplant it. You may uproot all your weeds with the plow or burn them with fire; but if your fields lie fallow, if they be not sown with good seed, the

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weeds will grow again. So though you may think you have extirpated every bad habit from your life, if you do not plant actively good habits in their place, the bad habits will grow again.

While I am on this subject of habit, let me say a few words on a somewhat hackneyed theme. Don't imagine that I am going to turn this into a temperance lecture, and don't be too much disgusted with me if I insist on dealing in matters of practical advice instead of charming you with flowing periods and brilliant imagery. I had rather leave a thought in your mind that may be helpful in your after life than to win your admiration and applause and do you no good. All the chances are that some of you young

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men who hear me to-day will go out from here burning with high hope and eager anticipation, only to end their careers in a drunkard's grave. Bright young men full of liveliness of spirit are prone to conviviality; and in that way, young gentlemen, lies danger. I wish I could know that not one of you would ever take *one drink*. Many a man, you say, drinks habitually with no perceptible harm; and that is true. But many another cannot drink without drinking to excess; and many another cannot drink without becoming a sot, a vagabond, or a criminal. There are these three classes of drinkers, and you will never know to which class you belong until you have taken your first drink. Let no one tell you that any

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man of real strength can control his appetite. I have known men — masterful, strong-willed men — who could not. Alexander of Macedon died a victim of strong drink; and if I were you, I would not be too eager to join battle with the conqueror of the conqueror of the world. You may hear it said that “strong drink lends brightness to the intellect and courage to the heart;” but no really sensible man or brave man needs to carry his brains in a bottle or buy his courage by the jug, and, so far as I know, there is no case on record of a fool having found wisdom at the bottom of a glass of whisky or of a sober coward becoming a drunken hero.) I give you my candid opinion, young gentlemen, that there is nothing

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in this world that a man cannot do better without whisky than he can with it, except get drunk. If you have started out to do that, it will help you some. Now, I beg your pardon for this digression; and I will only say, in concluding the subject, that if you follow my advice there will never be an hour in all your lives in which you will regret it. If you don't follow my advice, some of you will surely regret it in rags and poverty, in shame and dishonor, in sorrow and bitterness of soul.

You are going into the world, young gentlemen, and you are going with bright hopes and eager anticipations. I don't wish to discourage you, but I feel that I ought to warn you that the world which now seems so rosy will get

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very drab before you have looked at it long. Many a young man gets disheartened early in life because the world turns out to be so different from what he expected, and the fame and fortune which he expected to find waiting for him with open arms at the schoolhouse door seem so distant, so fugitive, so elusive. It has been said that "for life in general there is but one decree—youth is a blunder; manhood, a struggle; age, a regret." This does not seem to present a very attractive prospect, but it is better for you that the gay color of your hope be sobered by solemn warnings of the perils that lie before you. Yet success is within the reach of all. There may be a few who are born to misfortune, a

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few who have misfortune thrust upon them, but a great majority of those who fail achieve their own misfortune. The great secret is to begin right. You are this very day at the crisis of your fate. Every young man at the beginning of his career stands at the cross roads of life where the choosing of directions is perilous. The chances are that he will follow to the end the way he first takes. Though he may discover after choosing wrong the error of his way, he must retrace his steps and begin again when footsore and weary and the day is far spent. It is difficult, but it is important for you to realize the awful brevity of life as compared with its work and duties. You hear it said that young men must sow their wild

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oats. I say to you that this is but a miserable apology for wickedness and folly. The world has no use for your wild oats and you have no time to sow them. If you begin sowing wild oats, the chances are that you will never sow and never reap anything else. The sooner you begin to contemplate life as a serious matter, the better. You have absolutely no time to lose. Every period of your life has its own peculiar work which will be the foundation upon which to build the next. You have a work to do in the next ten years, which, if done well, will smooth the road to fortune. If not done then, if you spend the next ten years in idleness or play, you may depend upon it that you will never have time to play

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afterwards. The men who succeed in this world are the men who utilize to the utmost the energy and enthusiasm of their youth.

Don't go out into the world expecting to find great opportunities lying in wait for you. These may never come. It may be that your lot is to be cast in the common walks of life. But that doesn't mean that you are doomed to failure, if you know what it is to succeed. You may be happy and you may make others happy. You may be a good and useful citizen and spread abroad the blessing of a good example. Go forth determined to do your duty as you find it. Remember that it is in the little things of life that men fail, it is in the little things of life that

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men succeed, it is the little things of life that make life. Only to the few is given the chance to do great and shining deeds, to link their fame with some mighty achievement. But to every man it has been given to act well his part — to perform the many duties, each simple in itself, but whose sum is vast, whose effects are enduring. You may not climb to brilliant heights of glory, but you can glorify the common way of life and make the lowliest path shine as with light from heaven.

Have you ever read attentively the parable of the talents? “Because thou hast been faithful in a very little, have thou authority over ten cities.” “Because thou hast been faithful in a very little” — do you suppose that this par-

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able teaches simply the generosity of the master in bestowing a reward out of proportion to the value of the service or to the merit of the servant? No; the story is of an austere man, of one who has managed his affairs with prudence, and chose his servants with care, and exacted of them the full measure of their duty. He needed a man; he had been looking about him to find a man who had the capacity to rule over ten cities, and, with a true knowledge of human nature, he found him in the servant who by his zeal, diligence, and fidelity in small matters, had proved himself equal to high duties and great responsibilities. Such is the lesson of the parable, and such is the lesson of life. It is only those who do

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the little things well who ever prepare themselves for the performance of great things, and these only are visited by great opportunities. Napoleon Bonaparte was perhaps the greatest commander of armies the world has ever seen. History tells us again and again how he observed some little act of a common soldier—an act which an ordinary commander would have passed with little notice; but this great democratic despot, with his great insight into human character, looked upon that little act of the common soldier and said: “Here is a man who is fit to be a Marshal of France.” And thus is true greatness of soul revealed in the most commonplace incidents of life. My friends, the clear head, the brave

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heart, the pure and upright character, are needed in the affairs of the neighborhood as in the affairs of the nation. But whether you walk the mountain ranges of human greatness or whether your habitation be in the lowly valleys below, the duties of life will call for the very best that is in your mind, heart, and soul:

You will fail or succeed in life through your relations with your fellow-men. Don't expect too much of human nature. All the world is not young, all the world is not just out of school, and many you will meet who have been calloused or corrupted by their hard contact with the facts of life. But don't become cynical or lose faith in your kind. God Almighty

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made man; he breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and there is yet something of the breath of God in every human soul. Human nature is not vile, except to the vile. To the mean man this is indeed a mean world. To the selfish man it turns its selfish side. The faithless and inconstant man finds faithless and inconstant friends. The world shows itself to every man just as he shows himself to the world. It is a mighty mirror in which every one sees his own image and calls it man.

Let me impress upon you, therefore, not to be too swift in forming harsh judgments upon your fellow-men. As you go through life, it will be your fate over and over again to be misun-

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derstood, to suffer from harsh misjudgments. Let that teach you to be charitable in your judgment of others. The man whose judgment leans to the side of charity will be less often mistaken than he who leans to the side of severity. Remember, too, that the world shows little mercy to the man who himself is merciless in his judgment. "With what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged." Show no tenderness for human depravity, but be ever charitable to human weakness. Edgar Allan Poe once said you could call a thief an honest man until he became so. This is, of course, a poetic exaggeration; but it contains the germ of truth, for even in the worst of men there is something good which may respond to the proper

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appeal — a good which, recognized and stimulated, may finally obtain the mastery over the worse parts of his nature. At any rate, you will be a happier man for thinking well of your neighbor, and your neighbor will be a better man for knowing he is not utterly despised.

While thus giving your main thought to the inner man, you must not neglect the outer graces. Good manners, a gentle bearing toward others, unfailing courtesy and politeness, will do much to smooth your road to fortune; but remember always that the soul of good manners is a kind heart. No man can truly have the manners of a gentleman who is not a gentleman at heart. And the heart that really overflows with good feeling will lend a

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grace and gentleness which no school of culture could give. I wish you would let the thought sink deep into your hearts that apart from the inner luxury of doing good, which, after all, is the highest earthly happiness, there is nothing that repays such heavy material interest as the little acts and words of kindness which you may scatter about you without special effort as you go along. "Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days;" and often when you have only cast a crumb you will find a loaf. /

Do not undervalue nor overvalue the material things of life. Every young man should try to accumulate enough of this world's goods to deliver him from those distressing cares and anx-

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ieties that wear out life, and that sense of dependence on the favor of others which impairs self-respect. But beware, above all things, of that base passion for money which is the root of all evil. If you have set your heart upon getting rich, if you have determined that at any cost you will be rich, the chances are that you will succeed. I never knew a man whose whole soul was possessed by greed for gain who didn't get it.

If you are willing that every faculty of your mind, that every emotion of your heart, shall stoop to the low level of this one base desire, if you are willing to be rich and despised and mean, you can succeed. There was once a man walking along the highway who

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found a coin lying in the dirt, and ever afterwards throughout the course of a long life as he walked along the road he kept his eyes upon the dirt, hoping to find another coin. The flowers that bloomed by the wayside, the rippling waters, the singing birds, the pleasant meadows, the fair waving trees, were all lost to him; and when at last he died, a rich old man with a chest full of gold, he had never seen anything of this fair and beautiful world except a dirty road in which to pick up dirty money.

Above all things, young gentlemen, put your whole soul into your work. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Be earnest. All things are possible for a man who

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is in earnest. There was an old superstition that if the hunter would dip the point of his arrow in his own blood, it would go unerringly to the mark. If you wish your thought, your purpose, your efforts, to succeed, let them be dipped, as it were, in the very blood of your heart. A man of moderate talents, but who is in dead earnest, is an overmatch for cunning, for talent, for genius itself.

If you have prepared your minds and nerved your hearts to meet the world, you will find work and opportunity in abundance. There never was a time more propitious for intellectual achievement than now. The world has outlived the last vestige of that tyranny over the mind which for centuries nar-

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rowed and confined the range of intellectual freedom. The minds of men have at last overpowered their keepers. Thought is no longer the bondman of dogma, no longer servant of kings, no longer a patient ass for the priest to ride. It is a fearless knight errant, exploring every nook and corner of the world of knowledge and lifting its keen lance against the most cherished faiths and traditions of the past. There is no longer a tree of knowledge whose fruit we are forbidden to eat, no longer a sacred ground whose precincts we are forbidden to enter. There are those who tremble at the licentious freedom of modern inquiry; and we may indeed deplore that lack of reverence for old faiths and traditions which is the

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great anchor of popular government. But we may pardon something to the spirit of liberty and need never fear for cause of truth. The licentiousness of modern thought is like a stream which, having burst the artificial barriers which long impeded its course, pours forth a devastating tide until, having wasted its flood, it sinks again into its channel, and, with steady flow and even current, moves onward to the sea.

Finally, let me remind you that you have not only a life to live, but a soul to save. Many young men seem to think it evidence of intellectual freedom to question the truths of the Bible or the existence of a divine Providence. I dispute no man's freedom of opinion,

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though why any one should be willing to believe that man has no preëminence above a beast I do not know. You say that you cannot believe the miracle of the resurrection. Let me tell you the story of a greater miracle than that. It is the story of a poor peasant, a member of a despised and subject race, himself despised, the very place of his birth despised, even by his own countrymen. With a few ignorant followers he went forth to teach. There was nothing in his gospel attractive to the carnal man. So far as this world was concerned, poverty and self-sacrifice, scorn and contumely, persecution, strife, and death, were all that he offered to his followers. He never wrote a line except some forgotten words

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which he traced with his finger upon the sand. He scattered his precepts abroad and left them to memories of men. In a little while he died a felon's death, and all the world about him forgot that he had ever lived. Yet somehow his words lived on. Philosophy, with all its wisdom; priestcraft, with all its terrors; kings wielding the iron power of all the world, united to resist and to destroy the strange, mysterious power which this dead peasant had left behind him in the world. But over armies, over empires, over dying dynasties and crumbling thrones, through rivers of blood and seas of fire, that power swept on and on until it had made conquest of the earth, until every king on every throne bows in ad-

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oration to the dead peasant of Galilee, and the very instrument of his felon's death has become the symbol of salvation to all mankind. Do you believe that story? It is, to me, the story of a greater miracle than that a man died and arose again from the dead. Young gentlemen, be not you among those who scoff at religion, which is the last hope of the world, whose consolation you yourself will need in the time of affliction and in the hour of death.

“When ranting round in pleasure's ring,
Religion may be blinded,
Or if she gie a random sting,
It may be little minded;
But when on life we're tempest driven,
A conscience but a canker,
A correspondence fixed wi' heaven
Is sure a noble anchor.”

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And now, ladies, I must not close without a word to you. Woman is happily exempt from most of the grosser temptations that beset her brother man, and nature has endowed her with a spirit of reverence and of faith which comforts and sustains where the courage of man would falter and his strength would fail. However vain and frivolous she may seem, to nearly every woman there comes with wifehood and motherhood a deep sense of responsibility and consecration to duty.

It has been said that the world knows nothing of its greatest men. It surely knows nothing of its greatest women. They are around and about us, in cottage and in hovel, where the

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lean hand of poverty breaks the ashen crust, and in the stateliest homes of luxury and pride.

When a man's dreams have vanished and his Lopes have died, he is apt to become a hater of the world and of his kind. The woman can sit amid the wreck and ruin of her vanished castles in the air with a heart warmed by love and sustained by faith.

There are among the humblest women in the humblest homes examples of a diviner heroism than that of Joan of Arc when she led her mail-clad warriors to battle; of heroines, all unconscious of their heroism, who walked with bleeding feet the stony paths of martyrdom, unseen, unknown, and unpraised of men.

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And do not imagine that you must wait for marriage to find the duties and responsibilities of life. Men to-day are as responsive, for good or for evil, to the influence of woman as when knighthood was in flower. Many a man has been led by woman's wiles into the jaws of death and the mouth of hell, and many a man has turned from the downward path of death to follow the shining raiment of the pure woman he loved until they passed through glory's morning gate and walked in paradise.

Ladies and gentlemen, it is not the throned and sceptered king, it is not the dark statesman with his midnight lamp, it is not the warrior grimed with smoke and stained with blood; it is the queen of the home who under God

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rules the destinies of mankind. There is the center from which radiates the light that never fails. I say to you that the sweetest wisdom of this world is a woman's counsel, and the purest altar from which human prayer ever went to heaven is a mother's knee.

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